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VOICES IN THE WIND







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A MOURNING WOMAN.

From a Greek Statue in the British Museum.



# VOICES IN THE WIND

BY  
JULIA REEVE WOOD

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1920



PR  
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"I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind."

AARON WATSON'S *Tennyson*.

TO

W. W.

WHOSE HELP HAS INSPIRED

AND TO

A. W., J. C. W., AND C. B.

WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT HAS NEVER FAILED

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INSCRIBED

WITH GRATITUDE

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## NATURE

DOWN the great wide spaces  
Fast the fierce wind races,  
Searching lonely places,  
Strong and brave and free.

Rapturously singing  
Soars the gay lark, flinging  
Through the fresh air, winging  
Sure and swift and free.

Fearing no disaster,  
Bud and blossom faster  
Dance, with happy laughter,  
Pure and sweet and free.

Wind and bird and flower  
Testify each hour  
The Almighty Power  
Maketh all things free.

Come then, man, and follow  
Wind and flower and swallow :  
Over hill and hollow,  
Soul of man—be free.

## THE WIND

WELCOME, thou driving Winds, great  
Winds that blow  
True to their compass, be they East or West,  
That with the seasons as they come and go—  
Each one to its own purpose fitted best—  
Arrive to chasten or caress : no more  
We hide and shelter from that fierce embrace,  
But on some wide and solitary shore  
Go forth to meet, with eager hastening feet,  
And innermost delight. As through the night  
We hear the mighty roar of the vast deep,  
And all around the rushing waters sweep,  
The wild West Wind in strong majestic might  
Appears : involved in the pure element we bless  
The Giver of transcendent happiness.



## THE ESTUARY

(IMPRESSION)

BEFORE the distant southern hills,  
A pearly mist,  
A pearly silken veil  
Drawn equally across an even ridge :  
A soft mysterious veil  
Illumed by the transparent light  
Of a reluctant Sun.  
The far-ebbed tide has reached the deeps  
Where great ships pass and sea birds flit,  
And on the channelled strand  
The Swatch Way's ribbon of reflected gold  
Is tapestried with ruddy sails  
In stately progress—  
The bawleys, those tired labourers of the sea,  
Are drifting homeward.  
There is a moving wonder in this coloured world,  
In Earth, and Sea, and Sky,  
And free-winged birds and homing ships  
And pearly mist, and glint and gleam of red and  
gold.  
There is a glory and a wonder  
Not withholden from the eyes of man.  
How flawless and how clean the purpose is !  
There is an indwelling Soul,  
Rendering in profound diversity  
Accomplished Purpose :

A greatness wrought by strong endurance—  
Thought—by Industry,  
By work achieved in perfect unity,  
And they who man the frail craft  
Retain their courage and their quietness  
Involved in the wild fury of the gale,  
Or rocked in tranquil lapping of a summer sea :  
For them the Air, the Sunshine,  
And sense of fathomless abiding mystery.

## THE MOTHER BY THE WAYSIDE

THERE is a tranquil stillness in the air,  
A quietude, as now, the hand of toil  
Relaxed, some Soul of Rest spreads her soft wings  
In tender benediction over all.  
Tired Nature's work is done, it is the end  
Of her full session, and in calm repose,  
Beneath a crimson mantle lightly flung,  
She lies amid her rich well-garnered store,  
She, the fond parent of the years to come,  
Cradles on her deep bosom all the hope  
Which through eternal ages still to run  
Must bear its part—with thoughtful care provides  
For everyone, and unto each responds  
In wisest love according to his need.  
In pure abandon of creative joy  
She yields, or waits on slow fulfilment through  
The future ages compassing great ends :  
No passion wears her mighty soul away :  
The spirals of perpetual incense rise  
From her low altars to celestial skies  
In fragrant offering to the One Supreme,  
Who is the Soul of Love incarnative through all.

From yonder tree the pale, infrequent leaf  
Falls flickering lightly on the russet gown  
Of a young Mother, seated with her Babe  
Beneath o'erhanging bough, in purest rapture

Nourishing her dimpled treasure. Nature  
Beholding these forgets her weariness  
In quickening joy, for of her jewels they are  
The fairest in her crown.

*October 20, 1919.*

## OPEN COUNTRY

L INCOLN of the broad ways,  
Lincoln of the high roads,  
Lincoln of the open country—  
Comes your call to me.

Oh the great wide ways of Nature waiting here !  
Oh the heartening happy cheer !  
Thrills the birds' full-throated song  
From the hedgerows where they throng  
'Mong the shining red-ripe berries,  
All the way to Boston.

Oasby and Aisby, Aunsby and Osbournby,  
Simple, kind hearts dwell in thee,  
Threekingham and Folkingham,  
Through your broad highways we come,  
Fair the land and rich the acres  
All the way to Boston.

Plover and ploughboy, hearken to their frequent  
call  
Echoing till evenfall,  
" Coom oop, Beauty, move along,  
Now, my Lassie, get ye on."  
Down the lengthening, fresh-turned furrows  
All the way to Boston.

High land and Fen land, all of it the best land,  
Stranger come and lend a hand  
Where beneath the mellowing Sun  
Nature's work is never done,  
Pasture, tilth, and bladed acres  
All the way to Boston.

Lincoln of the broad ways,  
Lincoln of the high roads,  
Lincoln of the open country  
Comes your call to me.

## THE TENEMENT

A FEW square yards of Heaven's deep blue,  
And cubic feet of air,  
A million bricks, and numberless  
The treads of iron stair.

One moment may the glorious Sun  
Illume the well-like space,  
In its vain search to find perchance  
A floweret's upturned face.

Alas ! that man's necessity  
Compels, and that alone,  
To build his home up eighty feet  
Of hard unlovely stone,

Where his fair garden's bounds are set  
By forty iron bars  
And concrete is its fertile soil—  
Its produce—empty jars !

And oh, to watch the tiny child  
Up there, who stands alone,  
A prisoner strict by man's decree,  
In a cold heart of stone.

Her garden, that grey rigid plat ;  
Her songsters, hooting cars ;  
The woodlands she would penetrate—  
Those forty iron bars.

She does not know the happy world  
Where village children play  
'Neath shady trees, by rippling streams,  
Through the long summer day :

She does not know the arching blue  
Of the great, wide-domed sky,  
'Neath which the quiet flocks and herds  
In deep rich pasture lie,

Their music blent with birds' in bush  
And happy farmer boys'  
Whistling to work ; she does not know  
These sweet, fresh country joys.

For her—alas ! not Nature's child—  
Some cubic feet of air,  
A million bricks and the same dull  
Monotony of stair.

Up eighty feet of stone, from there  
Behind the iron bars,  
Her flower face peeps up at night  
And counts—a dozen stars.



## LONDON

GREAT to the Age, itself a Universe,  
Wherein the human tide's resistless flow  
On restless surface passes to and fro,  
With countless currents—eddiéd and diverse :

A wide and living Ocean, which both fills  
And occupies its space, a muddy tide  
Washing about the cliffs of civic pride,  
Unconscious of the greatness it fulfils :

Unconscious of the power which in it sleeps,  
The message that it shall perpetuate,  
The beauty it must ever recreate,  
The pearls and hidden treasures of its deeps.

Say, shall this Ocean roll for evermore ?  
Nay, even such greatness hath its time to go !  
One day will come the final ebb—to flow  
A clearer current on a fairer shore.

## THE DANCERS

FAIR floweret ! opening 'neath the shine  
Of love—I bless  
Your eyes of trust,  
Hands dimpled to caress,  
And softest cadence answering mine.

Now folded in a dreamless sleep  
You lie so quiet,  
My smiling bud,  
To wake at dawn with riot  
Of laughter and quick dancing feet.

Ah ! babe, I know a dreary street  
Of murk and gloom,  
Where at this hour  
The city children come  
To dance with little ill-shod feet.

Off Theobald's Road to music's sound,  
The youngsters run  
From dark by-ways :  
At nine o' night they come,  
And move with measured tread around.

They do not skip in happy riot,  
Nor shout and prance :  
Sedate and mute  
They carry through the dance,  
Moving correct and very quiet.

The organ trills a lively ditty,  
While to the pace  
They step, nor gleams  
A smile on any face—  
Such sight is surely one for pity !

The wayworn passers-by attend,  
Now and again  
They stand and gaze,  
Or join in the refrain :  
E'en harsh and crabbed looks unbend.

Off Theobald's Road at nine o' night,  
Through murk and gloom,  
The children come  
From many a cheerless home,  
To dance with tireless footstep light.

## THE POET

THE Poet sat in deepest thought,  
Pondering the great ways of God with man  
And the strange ways of man with God,  
And that much labour ends in naught  
Because man comprehendeth not.

Behold, spread out before his view,  
The Poet saw  
A vast and perfect harmony,  
Exact fulfilment, old yet new,  
Of strictest Law.

A noble page of Nature's book  
The Poet read,  
Mountain and hill, diverse, high piled,  
In gloomy splendour upward look  
From rocky bed.

Yet more than this gave pleasure to  
The Poet's eye,  
Size and proportion finely judged  
And everywhere an infinite  
Variety.

The riven side of one far height  
The Poet scanned,  
To where a silver ribbon hung,  
A torrent swinging out of sight  
To level land.

While banked-up clouds portending storm  
    Suspend in air,  
And from the West wide shadows flung,  
Emblazed with purples deep and warm  
    O'er land most fair.

Through the still, mystic atmosphere  
    The Poet climbed,  
And reached a place, remote, aloof,  
Rough-hewn, as here the Maker paused  
    And stayed His mind  
In utter solitariness,  
And said " The rest I leave to you,  
O Man, make you a garden of  
    This wilderness."

## APRIL

FROM the wide East the shifting opal beams,  
Translucent through dim curtains lightly  
drawn,

Unveil the tender loveliness of Dawn  
Waking from her chaste universe of dreams  
To silence of still grass and running streams :  
Until the winged world slips through budding  
thorn

With melody ecstatic, and downward borne  
From shaken boughs a silvery cascade gleams.

This magic morn the violet lifts her head,  
And in sweet fragrance breathes her soul away  
The yellow kingcup by the river bed,  
Salutes the golden Sun—Lord of the Day,  
And star-gemmed paradise transcends the mead  
Beneath the fairy wand of blosmy weed.

## THE LOVERS' WALK

THEY wander by the deep-sedged brook,  
No happy tryst they keep,  
His Ladye faring from the town  
Much fears to soil her shoon and gown !

Then upward through the boughs we peep,  
And lo ! the Love god—fast asleep.

Two toilers thread their darkening way  
Adown the pine-topped aisles,  
With bending back and weary feet,  
He cheers her on in accents sweet :

Such old, quaint tenderness beguiles  
The waking god to dimpling smiles.

At dewy morn a youth and maid,  
With sprightly tune go by,  
They pause to hear the blackbird sing,  
And emulate his carolling,

Till, charmed by their rich ecstasy,  
The little god forsakes his tree  
To join the merry minstrelsy.

## A PEARL

COME, walk in my June garden, while the  
hour  
Is early and the heart of every flower  
Beareth a pearl.

How tenderly the velvet-petalled rose  
Enfolds the dewdrop—within its curved rim glows  
A liquid gem.

Ah ! happy I, whose dainty Queen doth wear,  
Upon her breast, a shining jewel as fair  
As this bright pearl.

And even now, in her pink palm, she folds  
It flower-like, for her heart no more withholds  
The glimmering gem.

Call you it Truth, or Love—what's in the name,  
When in perfection it abides, the same  
Unchanging pearl ?



## THE VISITANT

UPON my threshold once Love came and  
stood  
And with her clear calm eyes regarded me,  
Then went away.

Not much was said—and yet—ah me ! how much  
Remains ! It was as if new life began  
On that blest day.

Now, though we dwell apart, each day she comes  
Regarding me with those clear eyes, and smiles  
Yet may not stay.

4

## THE REQUEST

AH! could I yield the Music  
That you ask,  
Such raptured harmony would break  
The Instrument that speaks—  
The Soul on the rare melody  
Pass into Silence.

Lean close,  
And you may learn the song  
That liveth in my heart.

## A DIALOGUE

HE

“ WE do not know. Perhaps in every man  
There lies concealed an element of  
greatness

Waiting a woman's touch. Here's a subject  
Just suited to the philosophic mind,  
Since man remains a brute—and woman, well,  
Is woman still—vain, foolish, wise, and oft  
Divinely lovable. The time may come  
When each will learn the destined part and make  
Adjustment : for in a Universe  
Where Nature furnishes such harmony  
And large perfection in minutest part,  
I must believe that Man, the greatest work,  
Will ultimately prove triumphant ;  
E'en though it be through desperate failure first.”

SHE

“ But we, participators of the divine  
And God-like attributes, require long æons  
Of time ere we attain perfection :  
And since from this same Earth we also spring,  
We must conform in patience to its law.  
It is to me the greatest miracle,  
That I who walk this Earth in widest freedom,  
Proud of my beauty and my power over  
The heart of man, am yet the child of Earth :  
That whence I came, thither I go again.”

HE

“ Child of Earth—there we claim kinship :  
Yet did you not recall that origin  
We’d deem you Child of Heaven, and kneel to you  
In reverence, and live up out of our deeper  
Element, greater and more God-like too  
For knowing you.”

SHE

“ That’s an arresting thought  
Which every woman’s heart should ponder.

Indeed, dear Friend, I oft-times pray for you,  
Yet know there is the need of prayer for self,  
In seeming strong, being yet so frail and weak.”

HE

“ That’s the attraction—the heaven and hell of  
you.”

SHE

“ O’erwhelming thought ! Is woman, then,  
The prop of this poor Universe and its  
Damnation too ? ”

HE

“ I sometimes think so :  
As things stand : but in the ultimate,  
As I believe, the balance will attain  
To equity and just proportion.”

### SHE

“ Dear God, I pray Thee it may quickly come :  
To think that by one word, one look, or even  
By one thought lightly expressed, we women  
Speed a soul its upward or its downward flight !

Again—is it not rather like a man  
To shift responsibility to our slight shoulders ?  
As we parley, holding the tangled skein,  
Hoping now and again we have secured  
The end by which to unwind the knotted mesh,  
The wise Creator smiles indulgently :  
Knowing that by much patient effort  
We shall attain the secret which He holds.  
And this I also think—that men are babes.”

### HE

“ To you, my Friend, I willingly confess,  
There is no happier lot desired by man  
Than right dependence on a woman's love.  
Yet though we rank you high in our esteem,  
We know ourselves, as God's administrators,  
Must take the foremost place in the great scheme :  
Women must learn to apprehend that fact.”

### SHE

“ Believe me, 'tis a lesson we apply  
Our mind to constantly—that we may find  
The proper radius of our sphere and live  
Inside it.”

HE

“ Well, here’s some light for you :  
That the greatness which you find in me  
Leaps up responsive to your call, but that  
Your power may overthrow, as well as build  
The edifice : there use your woman’s wit.”

SHE

“ Then I, being no Delilah, kneel to you  
And say, ‘ Forgive me, Friend, if I convey  
At times a too disturbed expression of  
My womanhood.’ ”

HE

“ Ah, now you are getting on.”

SHE

“ Say rather—‘ We.’ ”

## THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER

“ A H me ! Ah me ! ” the weary lover cried,  
“ I wander lonely, seeking, ever seeking  
That fairy wight  
Misnamed my bride,  
Who yet eludeth me.

For she hath moods and dwells in changeful guise :  
When daylight falls, I search the heavens lest she  
Should graciously,  
From the far skies,  
In pity lean to me.

So high ! So high ! her coronet is hung,  
That starry diadem, sparkling aloft, beseems  
My Queen of Night,  
Whose cloak is flung  
Dark curtaining from me.

So bright ! So bright ! her necklaces adorn  
The dewy hedgerow, countless the precious strings  
That gem the spray  
Of smiling Dawn,  
But she escapeth me.

Though fragrantly her garment floateth by  
On every breeze, she lingers not,  
But wafts the flower  
A trembling sigh  
That moves the heart of me.

With melody most delicate, she wakes  
The sleeping Universe to such wild song  
    From every bush  
    That rapture shakes  
    The very soul of me.

Silver of Night is she, the Pearl of Dawn,  
Flute Note, sweet Distillation on the Breeze :  
    Oh vain pursuit  
    Of Moments born  
    To new Identity."



## ON A GREEK STATUE OF MOURNING WOMAN

LIKE as the crescent Moon, withdrawn in  
Night,  
Her starry Heaven loosing in dark Space,  
Lendeth some far abyss  
The brightness of her light :  
So she, in tender radiance, sheds the gleam  
Of an Eternal Hope, maintaining in  
Quiet faithfulness  
The undimmed lustre of its beam.

When drifting clouds engloom her summer Sky,  
Veiling the azure deeps, through the grey mist  
We pierce and lo ! beyond  
Serene and clear they lie :  
And though the gathering storm breaks all around  
Her Lake's fair mirror, calmly she retains  
In some remote recess  
A quietude profound.

Behold ! how self-contained, as one who bears,  
In firm resolve, ill fortune or deep grief,  
And wins for guerdon  
The lone crown that Sorrow wears.  
What she hath lost we know not, yet we know  
She mourns not for herself, but out of grief,  
By thought and love,  
Brings solace to another's woe.

## TO A COLOSSUS

THOU, ere the passage of three thousand years  
Wert raised in the far East to serve the  
pride

Of an ambitious King : how brief his fears  
And joys and hard-won victories beside  
Thy far-flung destiny—so soon returned  
To dust while thou in thy fixed place stood sure,  
As if in thee some mystic Power yearned  
To symbolise its greatness and endure.

Strange thought, that man, inspired, conveyed to  
thee

Exalted genius and to thy cold shape  
Imparted Soul, as thus the transiency  
Of his poor mortal span to annihilate ;  
Embodied in thy stone his finer part  
Survives, transmuted to Eternal Art.

## A QUESTION

IS it Commercialism first and last  
Man serves—is Labour naught for its own  
sake ?

We put the question and the answer take  
From Him who teacheth Wisdom by the Past.

Saith He, " In My remote and ancient Plan,  
Man's merit chief and first was Industry,  
Combined with great and splendid Artistry :  
Labour and Art are one since Time began.

See ! how the work thus far achieved doth prove  
Much marvellous patience and effective skill  
Put forth to fine completion : for My will  
Demands true service and devoted love.

For this ideal of Work for Beauty's sake,  
Apparent sacrifice of much sound work  
'Twas necessary oft to make, nor shirk  
The harder task for easy pleasure's sake.

Whence know, experience is the final test  
In measuring what the method or the rule  
Best fitted to the purpose on the whole ;  
And he who takes this measure judges best.

Suppose in weariness we drop the dual  
Task, holding to one idea, that man's lot  
First and last is work, a dull repeat, not  
A creative force, but mere renewal ;

Sufficient if he can replenish  
The waste which common use puts upon things,  
Letting life's purpose flit on trivial wings  
From first small venture to the finish !

Omnific Law spells growth, nay more, advance :  
They who have vision, larger issues make,  
Seeking through Art more Work for Beauty's sake,  
Nor waste the years in idle dalliance.

All this there seems no reason to retract,  
As at the first, so through Eternity,  
Man's chiefest merit is his Industry,  
'Twixt him and me it is a sacred Pact."

. . . . .  
" High, in the highest Heaven above,  
Deep, in the deepest Ocean bed,  
My Work is woven, as I said,  
By Industry with Beauty's Thread."

LOUIS BOTHA

(AUGUST 1919)

ASKING, we wonder—  
Why the call so premature  
For such clear-visioned soul?  
Had he achieved success as this world names it,  
Or reached his goal?  
Too oft rare spirits doubly blest  
In qualities of high benignity and truthfulness,  
And all the finer virtues known to fame,  
Irradiate our sphere so brief a space  
Ere they withdraw—seeking some fairer place  
From whence they came.

Bright day these bring to night's necessity,  
Swift shafts of light through dense obscurity,  
Even the banners they bear unfurled  
Are luminous :  
Themselves  
In quiet self-forgetfulness,  
Are light unto a darkened world.

We—who acclaim self-lovers—  
Grant pride of place to those who darkly walk,  
And climb o'er slaughtered souls,  
Who should be brothers,  
Shall we for ever leave the light divine

Unto the few—or make decision ?  
Quit the deep valley,  
Mount the height !  
With that great company  
Learn, unfurl their banner  
And uplift their light.

## DEMOBILISED

FIERCE hatred of a vanquished foe  
The stalwart warrior does not know :  
He sheathes his sword  
Obedient to a higher word,

And prays to Heaven the day may come  
When all the nations shall be one,  
And forward move  
Towards the rule of Truth and Love.

No mean desire can fill the heart  
Of him who knows himself but part  
Of a great plan  
Whereby God proves Himself through man.

No lesser thought can vex the soul  
Of him who sees the perfect whole  
As nobly planned  
And guided by the Master Hand.

No blot may stain the one fair page  
He calls his own, his heritage  
In that great book  
Of Life, whereon his sons shall look.

Warrior—true man in conflict proved—  
Now may thy life be greatly moved  
In thought and deed,  
To serve the world's more desperate need.



## THE CALL

COME, now, O Worker ! Retrieve thy lost  
energy,

Cast off thy weariness, wake from thy lethargy :  
Rise with thy task to the need which awaiteth  
thee.

Sad and regarding with censure reproachfully  
Out from the past stand the heroes who died for  
thee ;

They, by abandonment tragic, attained to the  
Honour and love and the undying memory  
Shrined in our innermost heart as a sanctuary.

Shall we in life, then, be less than the love which  
we

Hold consecrated to their high integrity ?

Come, then, O Man ! Bear thy burden less  
heavily :

Join the great army to labour in Industry.  
Face this new battle which fiercely engageth thee,  
Fight and so win that thy children who follow  
thee

Love and enshrine thee in innermost sanctuary.  
Out of the wreckage of hatred and calumny,  
Build a new world to a high sacred memory.  
Come, let us builders be, working in amity,  
Come, let us build, courageous—and steadily  
Stern and determined to serve all men righteously.



## INFINITY

THOU vast unfathomable mystery,  
Illimitable Space ! Insphered in thy  
Pure Ether I would lie, unquestioning :  
Unfettered from these chains which bind to  
Earth's

So tragic wheel of Life : upon thy bosom  
Lost to dread mortality, winged and awake  
Unto Eternity—to this my spirit  
Yearns, and disembodied seeks communion—  
Attuned to high celestial melodies  
Which cleave the atmosphere in trembling  
Silences from thy great Infinite.  
O Space ! to thy deep bosom I would fly  
And lose myself in thee eternally.

## INVOCATION

THOU art the Source of Power, and thine  
the Voice

Speaking in Love through all, Omnipotent !  
Through Space, from distances immeasurable,  
Each waking day come messages—wordless.  
How shall the lisping tongue of man utter  
The grandeur of Thy speech reverberating ?  
Thyself declared in splendid revelation  
Expressed through mighty acts, translatable :  
Wisdom made manifest in Work : Thought  
beyond  
Language : Energy restrained yet boundless.

Thyself enclosed in the wild onrush  
Of the purifying Wind, resistless.  
Thy Voice, the heavy thunder of the Sea,  
Yielding to quiet ebb and flow, constant.  
Thy Pæan, the raptured chanting of the birds,  
Uplift in cosmic chorus unapproachable.  
Thine the aspiring fragrance of the flower,  
Distilling praise by terms innumerable :  
And thine the mute outlooking soul of beast,  
Gentle and anxious, still, compassionate.  
Yet more than this dwellest thou in the heart  
Throbbing through breast of Man Universal.

. . . . .

Maker of Men ! Unseal our eyes : unstop  
Our ears ! With sight and hearing we adore !  
Thy Message wings the World : Creation rings  
Its note : Thou art in us, and we are one in Thee.

## THE MIRACLE OF BOSTON STUMP

**A**S if forsaken by all the beneficent forces of Nature, the wind-swept wilderness of Fen and Marsh, spread in desolating loneliness, until man stepped in and took up the redemptive task—lured by the wide expanse of the Heavens above, and by the Sun with its promise of warmth and life.

For years and generations of years he dug, and drained, and planted; season by season watching the great rebirth: and in his toil he loved the land.

And beholding the quick and bountiful response of Nature to his untiring efforts—he gave thanks.

He made waterways for commerce and from sheltered havens went down to the sea in ships.

Then in prosperity, remembering the source of all good, he said: "Let us build to the glory of God."

Yet he hastened not, but for years nursed the idea, and schemed and made plans—so great and worthy must be the Temple of his dreams.

It must be high, to dignify the flatness of the land, and strong to resist the tempestuous gales from the East: it must be a beacon for the seafarer, and a landmark for the dweller in the Fens: it must be pleasing to the eye,

and satisfying to the soul of man—and all this he achieved.

On firm ground, yet right against the tideway, he dug for the foundations ; and after months of labour the first stone was laid and the first offering placed.

Through generations of men and with many interruptions the work went on to its perfection : knowing the completed vision would not be theirs, the old builders rejoiced in their work, trusting their architect and believing that the plan was good.

So there to-day it stands, beautiful and satisfying, and a living emblem of worship and of patient accomplishment, whose destruction would be a greater desolation than the desolation of Nature, since in such a building man built greater than himself, and better than he knew.

## THE GARDENER

A FLOWER of unfulfilment long it grew,  
Encompassèd, obscure,  
And naught to show  
Until the Gardener came.  
He hearing tell  
How flowers require  
Some this, some that, especial care  
Ere they attain full growth  
And blossom well,  
Paused thoughtfully before the little plant,  
Considering greatly how to meet its want—  
It asked so little,  
Being straight as any reed  
And of no wayward growth  
And rooted well—  
Indeed,  
Being cramped  
'Twas room it seemed to need :  
More air and light.  
Then quoth the Gardener :  
“ Although the promise is not great,  
It surely seems both good and right  
Some help to give,  
If only for mere Pity's sake.”  
Whereat he stooped in tenderness  
And smiled upon the fragile thing.  
And lo ! much marvelled at the blossoming !

## THE POTTER

OBSERVE him at his work, absorbed, intent,  
In attitude of purpose finely bent  
To shaping an ideal,  
Perfected out of formless clay  
By turn of potter's wheel.

Pause—and the quick response of law to science,  
A sympathy which yields in full compliance  
To swift creative act ;  
Deft hand and clay and whirling wheel  
Evolve accomplished fact.

We watch the process and the method ponder,  
The secret is not ours ; we vainly wonder  
Whose guiding will selects  
Potter and clay inanimate  
And to such end directs.

The Potter's hand so sensitive and strong,  
Skilled and adaptive by much use and long  
Experience, guides the whole,  
And yet he knows himself as one  
Subject to higher control.

However deep we search and far and well,  
The chiefest part remains invisible ;  
That mighty Power which moves  
Eternal through creation and  
Entire creation loves.



That through mere clay and men and simple  
wheels,  
In understanding thrills and with them feels,  
And howe'er great it be,  
Obedient to a self-made law  
Acts in conformity.

Stand by and watch, a perfect line will come,  
Evolving lily-like 'neath Potter's thumb,  
A fragile graceful thing,  
As if the Master said " See, from  
This clay a flower I bring."

Easy ? Not so, the purpose being fine,  
While in itself the clay is naught, define  
And mark the tool by which  
He builds—a wheel—can simple means  
Attain an end so rich ?

Yes, from the sodden earth he stands upon  
Man may call forth much beauty, strangely won  
Out of the trodden mass  
And lifted to the gaze of men  
That all may praise who pass.

Clay 'neath the feet, clay on the wheel, clay fired,  
Through these vicissitudes to be admired,  
Treasured for a brief space  
Of loveliness and cast away  
Into an outer place :



Broken and thrown once more beneath the feet,  
Until, perchance, used up again—defeat  
    Defeated—thus we see  
In Potter's work and processes  
    Our life's epitome.

The Earth and Man and the great unknown Law,  
Working experimentally, ignore  
    Achievement, if it be  
An end itself, and tends towards  
    Complete finality.

Yet age by age more beauty is attained,  
Since no true work is lost and none disdained,  
    Beneath the feet less clay,  
Above—more to high use set up,  
    This, the great Potter's way.

## FLIGHT

"By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly,  
namely, by Simplicity and Purity."

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

THE wings of Thought, released, search the  
Unknown in flight,  
Ere shrouding darkness folds them on the breast  
of Night,  
The wings of Love, outstretched, aspire to reach  
their Heaven,  
Lest into other hands the Key of that high place  
be given.  
The throbbing wings of Life seek space, their  
poise is sure,  
They tire, they droop, they die,—revive, renew,  
endure.

Go, Thought and Life, and Love,  
Take your swift flight,  
Make your full circuit  
And defy  
The danger and the darkness  
Of the way.  
Thou art a galaxy  
Fit for the Sky !  
Lead and we follow.  
Do not we—the Earth-bound—  
Seek through thee  
Emancipation ?

Lend us your wings  
That we may cleave  
The higher atmosphere—  
That we may breathe,  
And in the greatness  
Of pure Thought, pure Life,  
Pure Love,  
May learn to live.

## ON GENIUS

**H**OW small a thing is self, the body !  
That it may be clothed and nourished,  
dwell in comfort, and make easy pilgrimage  
from cradle to grave, are not these the  
considerations of mortality ?

Thus is mortality the conscious limitation of self.  
But the lesser shall yield to the greater, the mortal  
to the immortal : I am all that I comprehend,  
finite or infinite : that which I comprehend  
I become : I lose myself in that which is  
greater than I.

Thus from the unit to the universal, this is the  
law of development : by intelligence which  
is thought transmissive, by effort which is  
man's prerogative, by capacity constituting  
greatness—these are the functioning powers  
of genius, that divine indwelling by which  
alone man may justify his existence.

## STEP FREELY

THERE are Systems, immense, infallible,

They are of the Universe, infinitive,

They are capacious, fluid, variable :

Nature is variable, irregular.

I would court irregularity.

Do not forsake Law.

Ourselves are under Law, we submit.

Are we not men, intellect, power, will, under control ?

Thou art great, step freely.

Is it not thine own stride ?

Vary as Nature varies.

Nature subject to Law, dominated by Law,  
fulfilled through Law, is not bound by Law  
and rejects the appearance of regularity.

The erect mountain, scarped, precipitous, craggy :  
the devious river, falling back upon its own  
direction : minute seeds, caught up, carried  
through the air, falling, germinating, blossoming,—some sterile, others terminating in  
generous fruition :

These arrive perfected through Law, and in  
manner beautiful by reason of divine irregularity.

Be irregular.

In attitude erect, as the mountain is erect,  
desirable, remote, accessible, and inaccessible.

In contemplation, as the river, reconsidering,  
deviating, going back upon thy own direc-  
tion.

In confidence, as the seeds, heedless of thy des-  
tination, scattering, germinating, producing,  
fructifying.

Away from the rut and the well-worn track, sur-  
mount obstacles, tread rough surfaces.

Be great, step freely.

Are we not men ?

**Voices  
in the  
Wind**

By  
Julia  
Reeve  
Wood

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